RISK IN ROCHESTER
"FOR MATURE ADULTS ONLY"
A STAR ON ICE

youth

march 9 / 69

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Photos by Ed Eckstein

BY EILEEN FOLEY / At 20 years of age, super-star ice-skater Peggy Fleming is a member in good standing of the NOW Generation.

She won't have to wait for any of it—she has it all right now, all but the vote: Beauty, fame, adulation as an Ice Follies star, an Olympic gold medal, a reported $500,000 long-term contract with the National Broadcasting Company, and recently she edged out Debbie Meyers in the voting for the "Outstanding Female Athlete of 1968." To top it all off, Snoopy has mentioned her twice in the Peanuts comic strip!

Yet the fragile-looking figure skater could scarcely be considered a spokesman for the current youth cult, unless you count conservatives.

"Me, an old-fashioned girl?" She turned the idea over in her mind, decided the shoe fit, and slipped it on. "Yes," she conceded, "I gue am old-fashioned in the basic th of life, although I like to be nev my approach to skating."

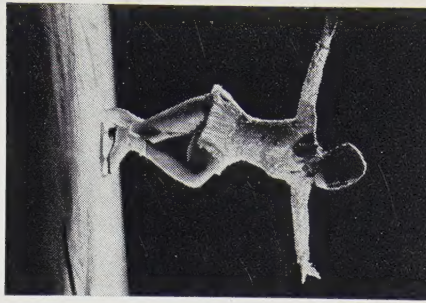
Wearing a smart, size five oy colored pants suit with bright tu neck sweater, Peggy Fleming loo nothing if not *au courant*, false lashes included. Yet it doesn't long to learn that here, indeed, girl brought up in the best school, work-hard-for-your-rev tradition. And she doesn't n speaking her mind about soci young crop of drop-outs.

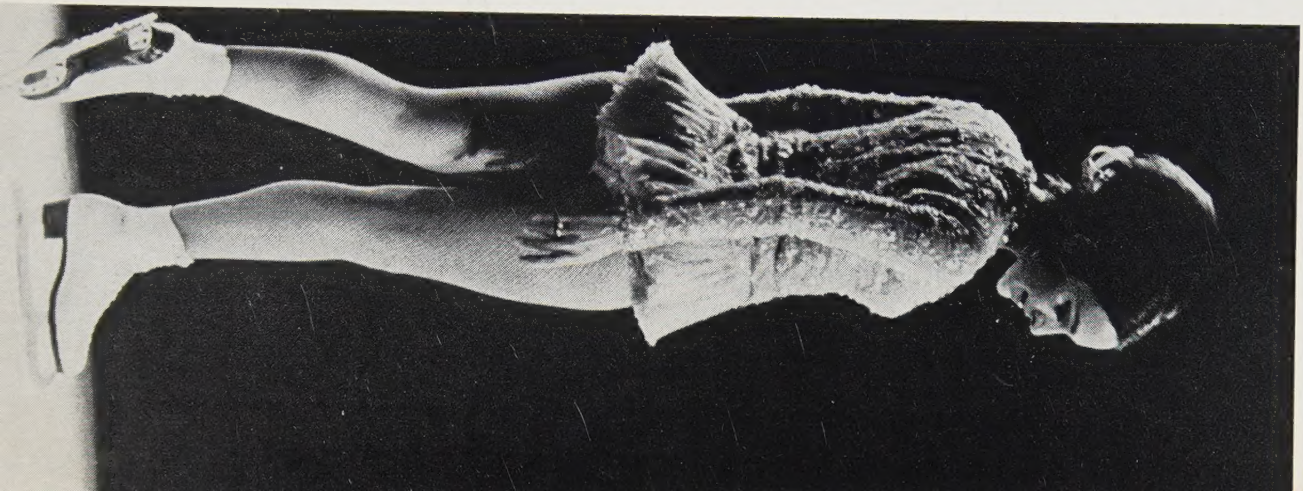
"They're just a bunch of kids," she observes, "and igno They should be doing somet with their lives. Life isn't easy—it is not a field of flowers. have to meet it, make something

"Those kids," she concluded, need a good spanking, I think

"I MAY BE OLD-FASHIONED IN BASIC THINGS OF LIFE, BUT I LIKE TO BE NEW IN MY APPROACH TO SKATING"

What's it like to be thrust into the spotlight of fame after years of disciplined practice to win a gold medal?





Her gracefulness and charm on ice moved Dick Button, former Olympic champion, to describe Peggy Fleming as "a floating symphony."

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So strenuous are her routines, she adds make-up three times a show.

Her own father was a strict disiplinarian, believing in the adage, Spare the rod and cheat the child," he said. "Boy, did I get a lot of pankings," she remembers, wincing. I guess you could say that was my notivation for doing well—my ather's strong hand."

She blames today's doting parents or the rebellion of their children. "It's the parent's fault," she says. They start the kids off, and so any of them have a palsy relationip with their kids. You can't be st pals—children should always reject their parents, who usually end o being right. After all, they're st trying to help us avoid mistakes."

She looked shocked at the thought any of the four girls in her family talking back" to their parents. "We ouldn't dream of it," she said. Not twice, anyway."

So the Generation Gap is no great vine for the girl who brought ack the only U.S. gold medal from st year's Winter Olympics.

Considering the self-discipline required to reach the top—years of ing at 5:30 a.m. to practice before hool, then later full-time training six to seven hours a day, six days week, 11 months a year—it is no rprise to hear the skating champ ampioning our nation's leaders.

They worked hard to get where ey are, she reasons, and their dgment should be more seasoned an that of the picketing protesters. "I think we should stick behind e people who lead us when they ed us," she said firmly. "They ow what they're doing—if it ren't for our supporting leaders of the past, where would our country be now?"

This is not to say that Peggy Fleming has never felt rebellious—"Sure I have—and tired and discouraged, too—but I found my parents right so many times that I just had to trust them."

One bit of rebellion which stuck, has to do with religion—her Catholic-born father married a Presbyterian and gave their children choice of worship. Peggy's sisters (now 22, 18 and 14) chose Roman Catholicism; Peggy picked Protestanism, then gave that up "because I got too many doses of going to Sunday School as a child with my grandmother."

Yet when figure-skating competition pressure was on, she found herself praying. Five times she won the Ladies' U.S. National Championships; three times she won the World Championships in the same category, and then, last year in her second Winter Olympics, she took top honors at Grenoble, France.

Her formula for fortitude in the face of fatigue or boredom (she used to spend hours on the ice just tracing figure eights) is simple: "I just have to push myself, that's all."

Seven months ago she had surrendered her amateur status to turn pro. An agonizing decision, she admitted, "because if I had gotten in with the wrong types I could have spoiled my image and disappointed a lot of people."

Instilled in Peggy Fleming is a strong feeling of responsibility for not letting people down—herself, her family, her fans.

With no shortage of self-confi-

dence, she nevertheless explains away what awe-struck observers have called her "magic" in crowd-pleasing, with this analysis: "I guess they're proud of me because I brought back the gold medal—sometimes there's an ovation before my name is even announced."

Then she adds determinedly, "But I still have to skate well."

As the Ice Follies special guest star, Peggy appears only in major cities, skating spectacularly for approximately eight minutes per show—three solos, plus the finale. But her practice time has dwindled from up to seven hours daily—pre-Olympics—to as little as 1½ hours weekly. The reason? Personal appearances, publicity pictures, public service chores and interviews—all integral to stardom. More than skating, these drain her energy.

"That, plus having to skate every night and sometimes at matinees, whether you feel like it or not, takes some of the fun out of skating," admits the 5′ 4″ brunette, although she never ducks her duties.

Barely beginning to creep in on her cooperativeness, though, is a cold caution, an invisible defense adopted by most stars sooner or later as protection against exploitation. On occasion they can look right through you.

There are the strangers who interrupt her restaurant meals, and stop her enroute to appointments to ask for autographs. There are those who inveigle themselves back-stage and throw an arm around her cringing shoulders while a crony snaps a Brownie camera picture of the pair. There was the frightening pursuit—via phone, flowers and finally a nc dropped to the ice from a balco —from a would-be wooer.

There is the often-present pre and sometimes—today, for instan —a gushing Navy information offic who stretched out her day-off vi to amputees at a military hospit so he could introduce his prize plu to several of his superiors.

It was a new experience f Peggy, seeing the war wounde and later she confessed to feeli somewhat depressed despite t men's upbeat bravery. That depr sion didn't show during her tour the wards; what did become evide was the effort required of this served girl to be natural and o going in her greetings.

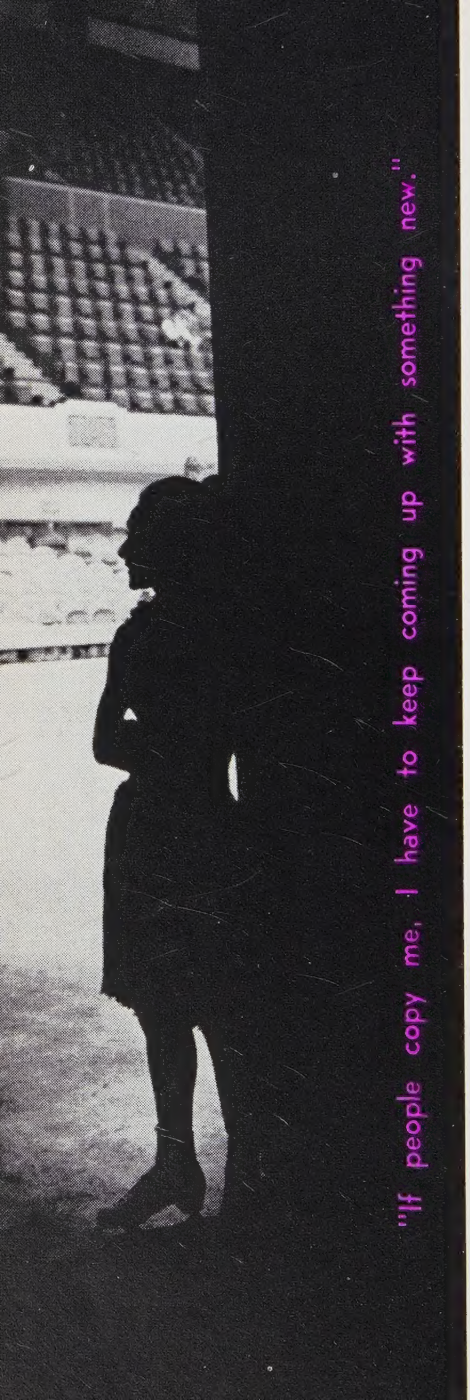
Even when she skates, Peg Fleming is more apt to be serio than smiling—she is a listener a learner rather than a talker; a like many young persons w haven't quite outgrown their shyne and hate to admit it, she sometim finds small-talk an obstacle.

So it was with infinite patien that she gratefully seized upon t men's questions and answered the thoroughly. How does she ke from getting dizzy coming out of spin? ("I pick out one object a focus on that.") How long did s have to practice for the Olympi Did she meet the famous Fren skier, Jean Claude Killy? (She dic What was it like, starring in her o NBC-TV Special last Novemb How old was she when she start skating? (Nine.)

All questions she'd been ask dozens of times before, but s replied as if each was totally n

On a recent day-off visit with mputees at a military hospital, Peggy Fleming reflected her natural warmth, despite some inner reservations.

The questions had been asked many times before, but she replied as if each was totally new . . .



and intriguing. By the time her h
pital tour ended, Peggy was me
ing the men more easily.

The blue-eyed beauty with t
delicate bone structure believes
the Biblical word about a time
everything. She has no regrets abo
her disciplined adolescence, her fi
date at 16, even dropping out
part-time studies at Colorado C
lege to skate. ("Maybe somed
after I'm married, I'll go back, b
it's not something I feel I HAVE
do," she says.)

Was there luck in her caree
Some would say no, that Peg
Fleming deserves it all after maki
so many sacrifices. But she ado
a humbler position, admitting
luck in setting a goal so early
life (to win the Olympics in fig
skating competition) and reaching

"It's true—I worked hard," s
says. "But others did, too, a
didn't reach the top. I have be
lucky."

Her former coach, Carlo Fassi
Colorado Springs (where the Fle
ings moved from California for
time to help Peggy's adjustment
altitude) has another analysis.

"It is her determination that ma
Peggy great," he says. "She has
excellent disposition which ma
her forget a bad practice in
minutes. But at the same time s
learns from all her mistakes."

Like most skaters, Peggy has
seven-stitch scar beneath her c
from one of those mistakes.

Nowhere is her positive attitu
more pronounced than in her re
tion to jealous competitors: "I j
do the best I can; if people c
me—well, I have to keep coming
with something new. And the

inal is preferable to an imitation, on't you think?"

Initial flap in the Ice Follies when ie was brought in to star seems to ave disappeared beneath her nooth personality and piquant nse of humor. It is a happy cast, id Peggy is so content in it that ie may postpone plans to produce er own show next year.

In the meantime, there'll be nother TV Special after she finishes is Follies tour in April, undoubdly some sports-clothes endorseents, perhaps in the future a few vies . . . and, hopefully, someday arriage.

"I think every girl's dream is to t married and have her own mily," says Peggy, whose one-time nbition was to teach small children. Most of my friends have already come brides."

Right now—when her schedule is t so crushing—petite Peggy Flemg feels as if she's collecting on her -year investment in skating. True, e never lets up, taking modern nce and acting lessons when she's home in her new, large Cape Cod use in Sherman Oaks near San ego.

But she has enjoyed both foreign d domestic travel; she has a ecial boyfriend in medical school Southwestern University, Dallas. hile on tour, she is at last able to ing a little in her leisure.

On tour, she cheerfully faces conquences of occasional late, late ghts to enjoy the delights of new od discoveries with colleagues.

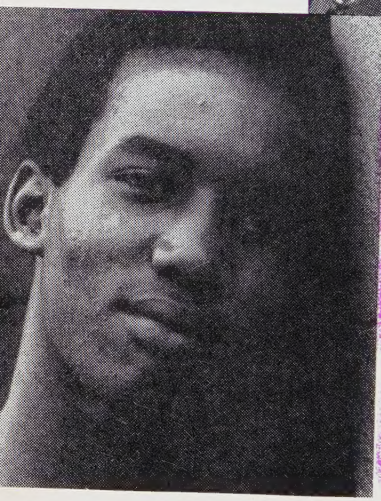
At home with her family, she aks up the sun in her own special ictuary, near the swimming pool. e is good there, with the record player going. So good that she shares this thought with other youth: "Pick out something you really like to do, and then try to do that one thing well."

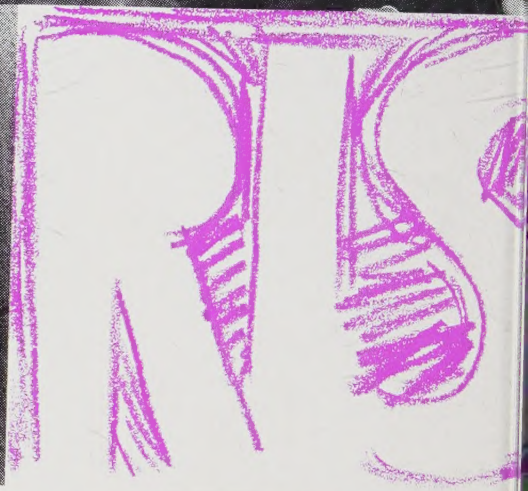
Lack of riches shouldn't stop you, she said, adding that as a teenager she had to make one pair of skates do while companions bought as many as three a year.

They also took lessons every day when she could afford only one a week. Consequently, she said, "I had to work by myself, trying to overcome some of my problems and develop my own style." Peggy Fleming proposes that some things are worth working and waiting for . . . and she's proving it. ▼

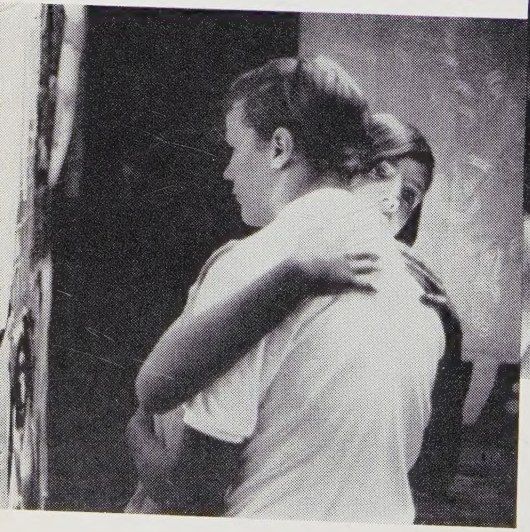
Part of Peggy Fleming's success with Ice Follies cast is her sense of humor and smooth personality.

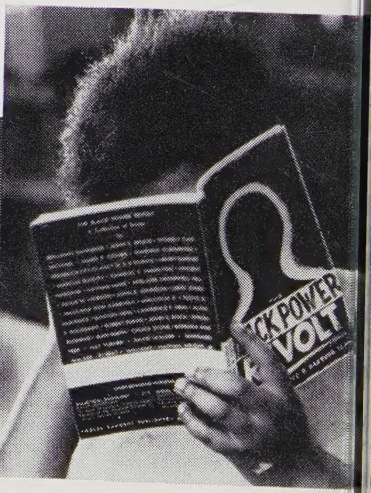
...with

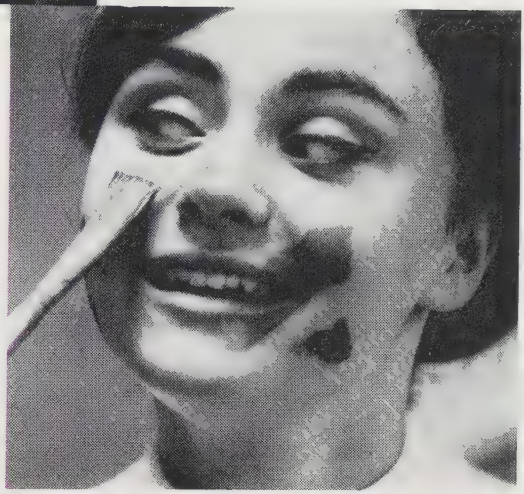




a little help







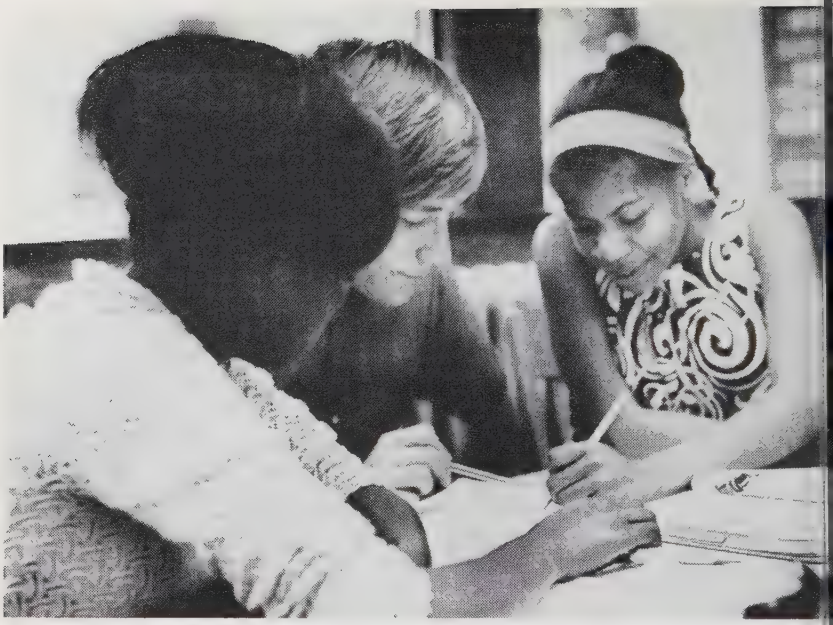
from my friends

Y SISTER GERTRUDE CHRISTIAN, S. J. / Everyone knows about the generation gap; but a group of adults in Rochester, N.Y., consider it a asty cliche. They might accept "people gaps"—gaps not from being old r young but from not trusting or celebrating.

RISK is the name of their group. The initials don't stand for anything, ut the word does. Mike Losinger, who serves as director of RISK, explains this way: "We decided we needed a name that typifies what we're try- ng to do—RISK is it. The risk is something that the people who are parti- ipating have to recognize. It's not a physical risk, especially, but it's a ind of psychological risk; it's something new so it's not safe. These youth vorkers who are involved have to take all the flak that comes from the najority of the church members who misunderstand what they are doing."

Rev. Larry Coppard, a United Church of Christ minister who serves as Metropolitan Minister for the Rochester Roman Catholic Diocese, added, You also take the risk of wasting your time. We're experimenting all the me, and some of these experiments may just go down the drain, and you ake the chance of being called stupid or a fool."

So, the risks come in commitment and style. But the name also reflects heir bond: risk at bottom is trust, and trust is the first move. RISK mem- ers presume good will, whatever their particular problems and they avoid



"meeting is a double discovery . . .

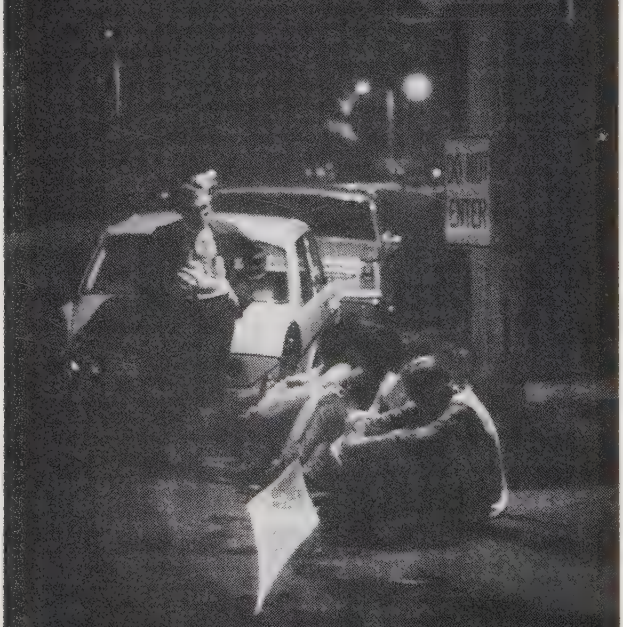
savior stances. They serve the issues that touch youth rather than youth as a needy object, or worse, kids as cases. And they are anxious to emphasize that point, not only because they aim to be personal but also because they find that the issues are not different from their own.

Basically, RISK is an ecumenical coalition of ministries from the four sectors of Rochester. But the group grew from local churches and it cherishes its grass roots style. Each area of the city was developing its own form of ministry in its own community—Episcopal, Baptist, Roman Catholic, United Church of Christ, Presbyterian and Methodist congregations were involved. RISK was born when youth workers in these area local churches began to think how they could work together city wide. The first thing they did was to initiate a study of the city to find just how effective the churches were in reaching the kids. They found that at least 63% of the youth weren't being reached by any church organization. So, "What we're fostering is a group of people around the city in grass-roots structures that co-operate on a metropolitan basis. A group of people who are committed to serving youth. Period."

In some neighborhoods the problem is primarily social or school delin-
quency. In others it is racism, or drugs, or promiscuity, or alienation. Th
forms of youth ministry then continue to differ according to the needs i
each particular area, for RISK members feel that youth ministry means bein
responsive to youth and moving with them. The RISK people do wha
they can and try to be supple to the needs of the situations. Much of thei
value as they appraise it is in fact to listen, to hear where the hurts an
happinesses are, not to rush in with prepared mustard plasters of pro
gammed joy.

Most of the members of RISK are pragmatists, not preachers, and thei
move is "not to run programs but to be present in times of decision—i
anguish and joy." The volunteer workers don't see themselves as parents
or problem-solvers, or psychiatrists, but as people concerned about th
people-gaps of the disaffected and lonely. They want to be the "little hel
from your friends" that you get by with. Yet they know part of workin
with the kids is confrontation, raising questions of conscience or integrity—
that is, sometimes asking "why" or saying "no." For the volunteers, th

"we find new selves somehow in these streetcor

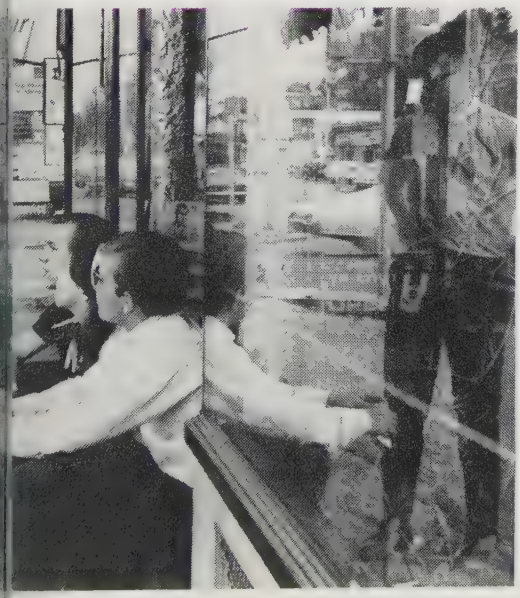


ole of nice comfortable church fellow becomes the risk of sharing misery –being tough enough to bear it and soft enough to soothe it, and hopefully mart enough to change it some.

Some volunteers walk the streets and hang around, getting themselves nown and trusted. They become a person to go to when pregnant, or off a igh, or in trouble with a parole or school officer. Others staff places with ther groovy names—The Hang Up, The Place, The Cellar, The Lamp ost, The Bakery—places to find some talk and encouragement and appreciation and even purpose.

Some share their homes for crisis housing or recreation or conversation. he listening and questioning are part of the radical self-scrutiny RISK embers engage in. Twice monthly volunteers meet to evaluate and comiserate. They are blunt about successes *and* failures. As one volunteer marked: "We cheerily carve up our preconceptions. The problems aren't mple and they aren't just *youth's*. The kids aren't simply confused or deived or scarred or shiftless. Often they're righteously anguished and angry. 'e suddenly face the fact that their shame and frustration and even victimi-

ts of our lives"



"our move is not to run programs, but to

zation are of our society's making. We radicalize as Christians and we not only begin to understand about not judging others, we begin to question our noble self-complacencies and our noble organizations. We find ourselves somehow in these streetcorner parts of our lives. Our work is not only presence to the young, but commitment for adults."

The kids of the city don't know about this organization of adult volunteers called RISK—but they do know about the people who are helping them and the activities that are being sponsored to meet their needs. Larry adds: "If I use the word ecumenical, the kids laugh—most of them can't pronounce it, much less know what it means, but they know who you are personally and that really is the only message you want anyway."

Some activities are responses to direct requests that the kids have made—others, like working with dropouts, come from the adults as they work with the kids and see the problems which they have. Activities range from a dance in the Southeast to create a social celebration, to a hang-out in

outhwest to cool the drug scene, to an overnight session for hammering at hite racism in the Northwest of the city.

"We have so many problems," Larry Coppard remarked, "it's really a atter of trying to set priorities." In the near future, white racism will be priority focus for RISK. Rochester has only a small percentage of Negroes, t the youth workers have found that white teenagers in the city "can be racist as any Ku Klux Klan type of person." Therefore, a former Peace orpsman has been hired to lead study and strategy on white racism in burban Rochester. A steering committee made up of representatives from ch of the area youth ministry groups will determine how to proceed.

Although RISK's primary commitment is to individual personal need and pport, volunteers realize that youth's problems are often based in the isting social, domestic, educational, or political situations. So, education s become a tactic to affect change in the institutions. One way of educa- n they'll be trying is a TV program which they will co-sponsor on chan- l 21. Under the direction of Rob McClure, who ran a similar program own as "The Place" in Pittsburgh (see YOUTH, February 11, 1968), the lf-hour program will provide a weekly forum for youth, a platform for inions and feelings and preoccupations. For those who have ears to hear, e straight talk should trigger social conscience.

Another aspect of RISK's educational role is the concern that present areness leads to future action. There are examples already. An "under- ound" school newspaper in Northwest, for example, has on its staff a

sent in times of decision, anguish and joy"

"RISK: the initials don't stand for anythi

dropout and a delinquent. Consultants with first-hand experience serve o the jail committee. The idea is not only to understand the view from th other side, but also to touch and be touched by it. To let everyone offe his truth. This tactic makes for new awareness and few of the old general zations. If the tree is to be judged by its fruits then a lot of trees in ou straight and good gardens need transplanting or chopping.

RISK people are radical Christians and their sense of beginning abide Trusting and touching are beginning, but as Rilke said, beginning "in itself always so beautiful." Ecumenically, RISK leaders in the city in sist that ecumenism be defined at the grass roots, on-the-street kind o work in involvement—and not be the "tea-and-cookies-and-worship-se vices-twice-a-year" kind of thing. RISK is getting laymen involved—an finds that they are finding a vitality in their involvement which they hav

the word does!"

ssed in the routine of the church. Mike Losinger feels that the church s to decide upon priorities—"And RISK and what it represents are pre- nting those alternatives to the church in a clearer light. If RISK and the ngs it stands for go down the drain because of lack of support within church, it means in effect that the church has opted for old programs, ving a dwindling minority. That's the situation, and I think people have understand it."

RISK celebrates one year this February. Membership has mushroomed m two seminarians to 80 to 100 volunteers, a part-time staff of 15, and a l-time director. RISK is a commitment and a style that hopefully will ch Rochester, N.Y., and beyond. It is concerned, cool, and Chris- n—a response like poet Denise Levertov's: "The world is not with us ough. O taste and see." ▼

"Creativity" can mean pen & ink; paint & paper; clay or wood; oils & canvas; camera & film; or typewriter & carbons—but it ALWAYS means you & ideas!

Be CREATIVE! Then enter YOUTH's 1969 Creative Arts Awards Competition. Here are our rules:

1. You must be younger than 20 years of age.
2. Your entry must be your original work. It may be something done as a school assignment, something done for your own enjoyment, or something done especially for the competition—but it must be YOURS.
3. Each person may submit a total of five entries.
4. Each entry must be identified with the title of the work, your name, your age, your home address (street, city, and state). We would also be interested in knowing your local church affiliation.
5. CREATIVE WRITING ENTRIES WILL NOT BE RETURNED —so please make sure you keep a copy of your work(s) for yourself.
6. All contributions must be mailed by no later than May 1, 1969.
7. Send entries to CREATIVE ARTS AWARDS, YOUTH Magazine, Room 806, 1505 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19102. All entries, other than creative writing, will be returned.

Photo by John Mast

...WOULD YOU BELIEVE?

...YOU PRESUME TO BE AN INTELLECTUAL BUT YOU'RE NOT,...YOU ARE OVER CRITICAL, A JACK OF ALL TRADES AND MASTER OF NONE AND YOU CAN'T BE TRUSTED...
YOUR HOROSCOPE
...YOU ARE MERCENARY, VAIN, CONCEITED AND QUICK TO ANGER...
YOUR HOROSCOPE
...YOU ARE COLD, UNEMOTIONAL, FAULT FINDING, FORGETFUL AND HARD TO KNOW...
YOUR HOROSCOPE

... YOU ARE JEALOUS, SELFISH, RECKLESS WEAK, STINGY, CHILDISH AND A BIG BORE TO YOUR FRIENDS.
YOUR HOROSCOPE
YOU POSSESS SOUND JUDGEMENT, TALENT AND GREAT ORGANIZING ABILITY... YOU LOVE PEOPLE ARE WARM HEARTED GENEROUS, AND VERY OUTGOING...YOU WILL SUCCEED IN ANYTHING YOU DO...
YOUR HOROSCOPE
YOUR HOROSCOPE

FOR MATURE ADULTS ONLY is a music play by and about young people. The author, Dr Norman Habel of St. Louis, Mo., collected a number of teen-age poems, prayers, and protests—then wrote songs which would give depth to the feelings expressed by the young people. Richard Koelmeke set it to music. These joint efforts became the play, which has been staged several times; a recording has been made of the songs; and now, Fortress Press has published the poems and songs. On the following pages are excerpts from that book. The title FOR MATURE ADULTS ONLY, was suggested by a sharp girl of 16 who said that if adults really heard what youth today are thinking they would be surprised, and that if adults want to understand teen-age feelings they will have to be mature.

FOR MATURE ADULTS ONLY (record, $4.98; book, $1.95) can ordered from Fortress Press, 2900 Queen Lane, Philadelphia, Pa. 19129.

FOR MATURE ADULTS ONL

a theme song — FOR MATURE ADULTS ONLY

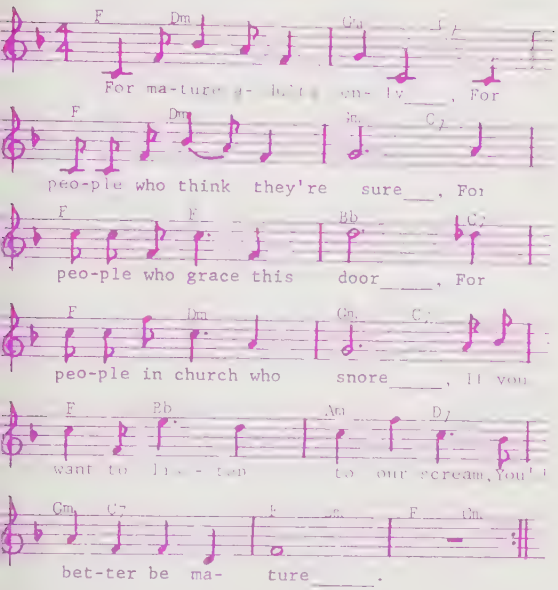


Photo by Bruce Mosfeldt

For mature adults only
For poets and prophets alike
For preachers who are on strike
For heroes like Bishop Pike.
If you want to listen to our dream
You'd better be mature!

For mature adults only,
For presidents of schools.
For actors who live like fools,
For statesmen who make the rules
If you want to hear us let off steam
You'd better be mature.

For mature adults only,
For counselors on call,
For Germans who climbed the wall
For anyone at all
If you want to feel our laser beam
You'd better be mature.

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Photo by John Mast

DAVID

No one pays any attention to me
or what I say, Lord.
I'm nobody, I guess.
I haven't done anything important
or made anything
or won anything.
No one listens when I talk,
no one asks my opinion.
I'm just there
like a window
or a chair.

I tried to build a boat once,
but it fell apart.
I tried to make the baseball team,
but I always threw past third base.
I wrote some articles
for our school paper,
but they didn't want them.
I even tried out for the school play,
but the other kids laughed
when I read my lines.
I seem to fail
at everything.
I don't try anymore
because I'm afraid to fail.
And no one likes to fail
all the time.

If only there was something I could do,
something I could shout about,
something I could make
that was my work,
only mine.
And people would say,
"David did that!"
And my parents would say,
"We're proud of you, son!"

But I can't do anything.

david's song

BALLAD OF A FAILURE

REFRAIN

Take a look at that man
who is standing up there!
That broken young man
with the blood in his hair.
And tell me, young men,
as you slowly walk by,
Do you know what it's like
when the innocent die?
Can you feel for this man?
Can you identify with a man,
with a fool, with a failure?

VERSES

All the red of the dawn
was like pain in the sky—
And the dark of the night
was a friend in disguise.
For that prisoner and traitor
called Jesus the fool,
A man who had claimed to be wise!

All the men who had vowed
they would die for his cause
Seemed to merge with the dusk
and a bloodthirsty crowd.
There was no one to answer,
"This man was our friend."
A man of whom no one was proud!

At his trial he was damned
as a rebel and fraud,
And they laughed in his face
when he said, "I am king."
So they gave him a crown
made of interlaced thorns,
As worthless as paper and string.

He was strung up to die
by some rough Roman men.
He was scorned by the world
that was watching that day.
And his life seemed to fail
as he cried out to God:
"Just why did you leave me this way?"

ne else is so much better
rything
am.
ore I fail
ore it eats away at me
feel weak inside
like I'm nothing.

rld seems full of heroes
ols and important people.
are all the failures?
are they hiding?
are people like me?
u ever fail, Lord?
ou?
know how I feel?

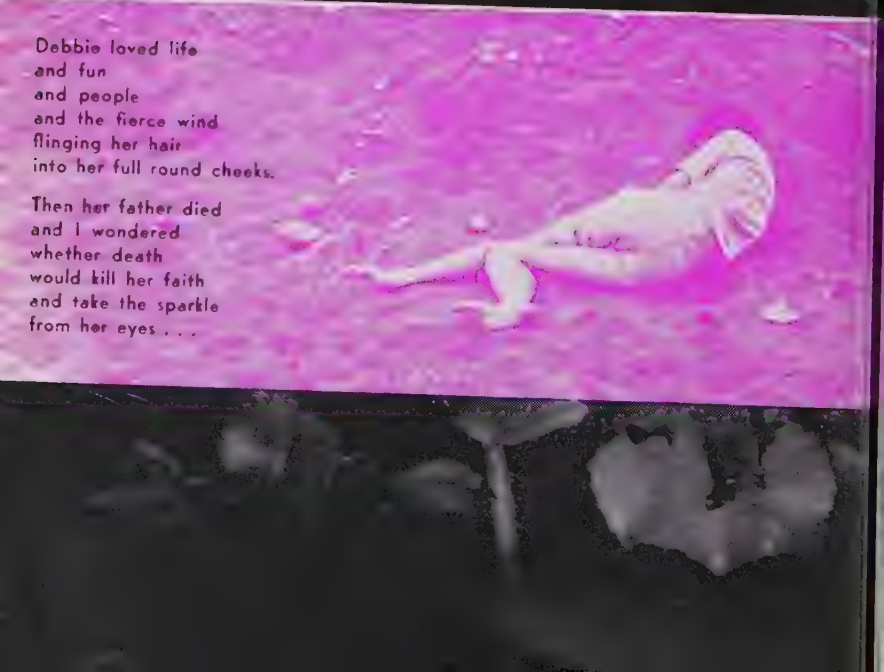
know what it's like
veryone looks up at you and says:
a failure."

escent from the Cross" by Max Beckman
ion, Museum of Modern Art)

Photo by Wallowitch

Debbie loved life
and fun
and people
and the fierce wind
flinging her hair
into her full round cheeks.

Then her father died
and I wondered
whether death
would kill her faith
and take the sparkle
from her eyes . . .



When my father died
I cried and cried
until I was weak.

After a while
I couldn't cry any more.
The tears wouldn't come.
Instead a strange hope
began to grow inside of me.

It was as if I were waking
from a very long sleep
and everything around me
had changed.

My father was still lying
in the casket.
He seemed to be waiting for me
to stop feeling sorry for myself
and to discover
what had happened to him.

Slowly,
as I looked at him,
my father was my father again.
All the crooked laughter lines
around his eyes
were as real as ever.

I realized then that
my father was living through death.
He was discovering the mystery of death
the way a child first discovers life.

He was enjoying
the birth pangs of a new life.

His first life
had been accepted
and sealed with death.

He was passing through the world of death
where Christ was at work
creating men for new tasks,
for new exciting worlds,
for new celebrations.

At that moment God said, Yes,
YES
Yes to death and Yes to life.

The difference between life and death
seemed to vanish.
My father was alive in death,
and alive in me.
And God said, Yes! to me
that day.

from debbie's song—AND GOD SAID YES!

DEBBIE

For God said, Yes! Yes! Yes!
Let's splash the sky with light,
Let's float the earth in space,
Let's dance away the night,
Said yes, yes, yes, man, yes!

Photo by Ken Thompson

Three days ago my brother died
of hunger.

It's easy to die
when the only medicine you have
is half a bowl of beans
and half a pinch of chile.

It's easy to die
when you have no food—
you get so weary
and dry and weak.

No one cares.
No one gives a job
to a kid with crippled legs
and wilting hands.

"He's only an insect," they say,
"a worthless pile of wrinkled skin."

Have you ever lifted a bowl
to your ear
and listened silently?
Have you heard the silence of an empty bowl,
the breathing of the smallest particle of life?
The whisper of life to life:

"Are you there?"
"May I see your eyes?"
"May I measure your worth
by the hope in your soul
and the soul in your hope?"

"Will you celebrate with me?"

For I have hope!
And hope is more than hunger.

JUAN

from juan's song—LISTEN!

Listen to the breathing at your side.
And listen!
Listen to the beat of life that's free!
Listen to the snap of breaking bread
and to the splash of wine with me!

I sense an unseen world beyond the swirling sun,
I look for mysteries that haven't yet begun,
I trust in hands of love to heal the wrongs we've done,
For I believe that Christ is changing
Everything! Everything! Everything! Everything!